

LIVING IN NEW YORK

Unreasonable and Reasonable Expenditures.

WAYS OF THE SPENDTHRIFT.

The Difference Between Him and a Young Man of Sense and Economical Habits.

New York, October 26.—"How much a day does it cost the average man to live in New York?" asked a stranger the other evening.

"From \$1 to \$50," was the not very satisfactory reply. There is no place in America where some men spend more money for living expenses and others exist upon less than New York. The stranger, however, referred to men who keep up appearances and have a reasonably good time. Here is the story of the day's experience of two of them. Young Dives, whose father left him a fortune and nothing to do except to spend the income from it, has a suite of rooms not far from Broadway, at that particularly attractive point where Delmonico's and other resorts are located. His rooms cost him \$5,000 a year. His sole servant is a valet, who keeps his master's clothes in order and his own mouth closed.

SUCH A LUXURY
costs Dives \$50 a month, all his old clothes and occasionally a present of money. The young man, like the yearly increasing multitude of bloated leeches in the metropolis, gets up about noon, puts on his carefully brushed maternal suit, and at once begins to spend money. A glass of Congress water is the first thing upon which he lays out funds. Then he takes a walk if it is pleasant. Every fine day, at noon or thereabouts you will find Dives and a score of his ilk walking on Fifth-ave., between Twenty-third and Forty-second Streets. Dives meets a friend and they go somewhere to breakfast. Your rich young man of leisure has a horror of eating alone. He gets a dainty breakfast at some fashionable restaurant. It costs him about \$3 and he manages to kill a great deal of time eating it. Then he succeeds in discharging a dollar for cigars. He saunters over to his club, sits down, reads the morning papers and gazes out of the window at the ladies, who by that time are abroad on shopping expeditions. Having

KILLED SOME MORE TIME
in that way, Dives sends to a fashionable stable from which he hires turnouts at an expense which never falls below \$150 per month. He drives out to the Casino in Central Park or to one of the road houses, meets some one he knows and asks them to have a drink. The first round costs 50 cents. Another friend drops in on them and they have a small bottle of wine. No. 1 buys the cigars and Dives purchases another small bottle of wine. Then he shakes hands with his companions, orders up his carriage, throws the hostler a half dollar and continues his ride. When he gets home he would find, if he ever stopped to figure up his expenses, that he had spent about \$2.50 for incidents on the excursion. Sometimes he puts on his afternoon suit and strolls over to the club for a game of billiards. To add interest to the affair, he plays for a wager of \$1 a game and the drinks. He loses, say two games and two rounds of drinks and gets away with \$3 more. But he hasn't begun to spend money yet. He invites his friend of the billiard game to dine with him and they separate to dress for dinner. Dives puts on an evening dress suit, which, with a rich cape overcoat for evening wear, has cost him \$250 and helped to swell his tailor's bill to \$2,000 a year, walks slowly over to a fashionable restaurant, meets his friend and engages in the delightful task of ordering a dinner. It is just an informal affair, with a quart of claret, a quart of champagne and some cordial for a final tip, but when the pair have consumed it and an hour's time and the obsequious waiter has presented the check Dives finds his bill to be about \$30. The friend reciprocates by inviting Dives to the theatre. They hire a cab, go to the play, see one act and then go out to see a man. They find him, several of him, in fact. Dives opens a quart bottle of champagne and they have a drink all around at an expense of \$3.50.

WHEN THE PLAY IS OVER
the pair drive to the Hoffman house, see more friends, have more wine and spend more money. Midnight approaches and the suggestion of a light lunch meets with approval. Dives conducts the party to a cafe and devotes \$7 to the light lunch. His friend and his friend's friend treat, and by that time the young blood of the men is coursing through their veins in such a manner as to make anything like a slow time abortive to them and they conclude to repair to some point where faro or poker will give them the zest of excitement. Dives doesn't lose very heavily, and when he goes home at 3 o'clock in the morning he would find, if he ever devoted his energies to such a vulgar task as computing his expenses, that it had cost him \$150 to get through the day, to say nothing of his regular expenses for rent, clothing, carriage hire, etc. This estimate does not include expensive luxuries at odd but not frequent seasons. Take, for example, the case of Ives, the young Napoleon of Wall Street. He was not a gentleman of elegant leisure like the class to which Dives belongs, but a schedule of only part of his liabilities, covering a short period of expenditure, showed that he owed \$450 for clothing, \$284 for hosiery, \$1,900 for jewelry, \$132 for silver-ware, \$70 for flowers and \$16 for hats.

It costs Dives \$30,000 a year to live and he doesn't consider that he is extravagant, for there are scores of young men in New York who spend as much as he does.

Contrast with him the young man who works for a

disembarks in his only outfit until luncheon time. He goes to a good restaurant and gets a midday meal, including a bottle of beer and cigar, for 80 cents. At the dinner hour you will find him at a reasonably select up-town restaurant discussing a meal that costs him \$2. Like Dives he goes to the theatre. His dress suit is ready made and costs him not over \$50, but to the casual observer he looks as well attired as Dives. He has his after-theatre luncheon and drinks, treats his friends and goes home to find that it has cost him \$10 to get through the day. He has had quite as good a time, and brushed elbows with quite as many distinguished people, as the elegant young man of leisure. He will tell you that a man can live like a lord in New York on \$4,000 a year, and yet there is one newspaper man in the metropolis who boards at a hotel and pays \$18 a day for his rooms, \$7 a day for cigars, and proportionately large sums for food and wine, and he imagines that he is economical.

SUNDAY IS THE GREAT DAY
when New Yorkers spend money, and the ordinary man who is bent upon enjoyment must calculate upon paying out as much again on that as upon any other day. He doesn't imagine that he can get along with less than \$10, but a Pole, who met with an accident on Sunday this summer at Coney Island and was arrested through a blunder, said that his Sunday excursions, including railroad fare and 15 cents worth of crackers and herring, cost him 70 cents, and he declared that he had the greatest kind of fun, but berated himself for his extravagance.

BABY TALK.
Bob Burdette Suggests Another View of the Question.

A Boston woman comes out in print to denounce "that lingual dish-wash, popularly known as baby-talk." Oh, that's to be expected in Beantown, where Joseph Cook is regarded as a model child's nurse and primary kindergarten teacher. We believe, firmly believe that a baby who's which? that is born with eye-glasses and a theory should be called a babe at birth, and should be addressed as Sir or Madam. That is all right for a babe. Or, an infant. But for a baby, a live baby, a human baby, and no elfin chattering with the hideous mark of a grammar-book on its arm—yes "its" arm; a flesh and blood baby that howls—may never weeps—that howls. I say in good, lusty, grammatical English to let you know that "it" has arrived and will want years of luncheon and petting before "it" wants a page of dictionary; a roaring, dimpled, crowing, shrieking, colicky, jomping, kicking baby; a grinning, hairless, toothless, gummy baby, "that" doesn't even know how to use "its" awkward fists grammatically, but thrusts and digs them into "its" eyes when "it" wants to stick them into "its" mouth. "It" is "its" muzzer's own sweetiey little pootle-wootie, and a little little sing.

Out upon your machine-made babe! I knew one long ago. His name was Henderson Ingraham Stillweather, and his parents called him that when he was in his cradle. He was but 5 years old when first I met him, down by the Illinois River. He said to me, "Excuse me, sir, but could you kindly enlighten me as in the character of this strange-looking craft towards which our steps are tending; and, also, can you tell me to whom does it belong?" I clutched the little monster by the neck, and held him under the dredge boat for an hour. I expected a scene with his mother, but she only said that "Henderson" was very far advanced; his Uncle Dennison did not drown until he was 49." They didn't bury Henderson. They pressed him between the pages of Colton's Atlas, and he flattened out and dried just like a fern. That's what becomes of that sort of children. I am glad I drowned him. I am looking around for more like him. People who wear their infants on dictionaries will do well to keep them under glass until I lose my tomahawk. Wagh!

HOME INDUSTRIES.

The present production of steel is 1,540,000 tons per year while 64,000 tons was the limit fourteen years ago. In 1837 there were 1,500 miles of railroad; now there are 136,195 miles, 12,569 miles more than there are in all Europe.

One of the thriving industries of Colorado City, Col., is the mining of gypsum and the grinding of the mineral for the purpose of converting it into plaster of paris.

About 900,000 tons of iron are yearly produced by the Southern States alone with the prospect of a three fold increase when all furnaces under contract are completed.

There are about 15,000 periodicals now published in this country with a circulation exceeding 31,000,000 copies. In the purchase of these \$30,000,000 are annually spent.

In thirty years' time the woolen manufactures of this country have increased from \$39,000,000 to \$237,000,000. In twenty years the cotton industry has risen in value from \$107,000,000 to \$211,000,000.

Of the 291,000 tons of zinc produced in the world in 1885, the United States contributed fully one-ninth or 35,339 tons. It is reported that the fields are enlarging yearly and the yield proportionately larger.

The growth of the silk industry in America is regarded with surprise and alarm by the manufacturers abroad. Paterson, N. J., is the great center for this article, turning out annually over \$100,000,000 worth of silk goods.

It is thought that at no distant day the culture of the olive will become one of the most important as well as profitable fields of horticultural enterprise with us, as it is at present with many countries in the south of Europe, whose chief revenue is derived from the export of olive oil and pickled olives.

One of the peculiar industries of this country is the skinning of herring in which occupation some establishments employ forty or fifty young girls, who earn as high as \$7 a week, and pay as many as 7,000 and 8,000 fish per week. The operation is simple, but interesting. They transform the herring of the old country, store-boxed and saloon free-lunch counter variety, into the more aristocratic boneless herring of commerce. They cut off the head, strip off the skin all the way round, split the fish and take out the backbone, so nearly in one motion that the eyes of the on-looker are deceived.

FROM THE FOUR WINDS

Jay Gould Arrives Safely in London.

OUR TRADE WITH CANADA.

The Pacific Railway Commission and the President—The Anarchists—Terrible Explosion—General.

The Anarchists.

CHICAGO, Ill., November 5.—Among those who signed petitions to Governor Oglesby for the commutation of the Anarchists' sentences are W. C. Goudy, the well-known Democratic leader, and general counsel of the Northwestern Railway; S. P. McConnell, a prominent member of the bar; S. O. Gregory, lawyer and former president of the Iroquois club; I. K. Boyesen, regular Democratic nominee for State's attorney; Lyman Trumbull, ex-United States Senator; W. G. Ewing, United States District Attorney, and F. S. Winston, the ex-minister to Persia; Judge Moran, of the appellate court; Lyman J. Gage, president of the First National Bank; Marvin Huggitt, president of the Northwestern Railroad, and Judge Baker of the criminal court.

It is stated today that Anarchist Ling will refuse to sign any petition for executive clemency. States Attorney Grinnell gave instructions this morning to clerks of the criminal courts to prepare no calendars for next week. This means there are to be no more courts in anticipation of the execution. Judge Frank Baker, who is now sitting in the criminal courts, signed the petition for commutation this morning. Now that there seems to be a stampede in the direction of the commutation of the sentence of the convicted Anarchists, it may be well to mention what effect it has already been having in a very important section of the community. With the police force, already a feeling akin to dismay, has arisen among the blue coats, and it is believed that the discontent will soon find some strong expression.

Gould.

LONDON, November 5.—The steamer Umbria, on which Jay Gould is a passenger, arrived at quarantine to-day. A hurricane was experienced on Wednesday, and the steamer shipped a number of tremendous seas. Five stateroom passengers were injured during the storm. In an interview, Gould said that he suffered no inconvenience from the storm. His freedom from business, he said, had already had a beneficial effect upon him. Gould listened closely to the news of the latest move of the market, and then declared that he did not intend to transact any business during his tour.

Madagascar Matters.

LONDON, November 5.—The government of Madagascar has notified the treaty powers of its refusal to receive the exequatur of any consul through the French resident, because M. Deivlers, the resident, has stated that England and has consented to the exequatur of the British consul at Tananarive passing through his hands. This British surrender has created surprise, while M. Deivlers' systematic ignoring of the Willoughby-Patimonia treaty has rendered a *modus vivendi* between him and the Madagascar premier impossible.

Vetoed.

CONCORD, N. H., November 5.—Governor Sawyer, this morning, vetoed the bill entitled "An act regulating freights and fares on railroads, and to provide for compensation to dissenting stockholders in case of railroad leases." The Legislature endeavored to pass the railroad bill over the governor's veto, but failed. At 11 o'clock the governor adjourned the Legislature.

Boastful Sullivan.

QUEENSTOWN, November 5.—John L. Sullivan expresses himself as very indignant at the boastful language used by Kilrain and Mitchell. He says that he wants to fight both of them in the same ring. He believes that Smith is a better man than Kilrain, and declares that he means to return to America as champion of the world, or die here.

Big Attachment.

NEW YORK, November 5.—The American Exchange National Bank has obtained an attachment against Ackerman Bros., of California, in a suit to recover \$45,715 on a note executed by I. B. Rosenthal & Co., and endorsed by the defendants. They have also attached the property of the makers of the note.

False Reports.

St. Louis, November 5.—Chief Bushyhead and other officials of the Cherokee Nation have sent a message to a local paper denying that there is any trouble at Tahlequah, and claim that false reports are being sent out to injure the nation and place.

Trade With Canada.

OTTAWA, November 5.—The trade returns between Canada and the United States for the last fiscal year shows a considerable falling off in imports, while exports maintain the average for recent years.

Leprosy in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, November 5.—The board of health have discovered that two well developed cases of leprosy exist in this city, but owing to the obstinacy of the German physicians, under whose care they are they cannot be located.

The Railroad Commission.

WASHINGTON, November 5.—The Pacific Railway Commission had a conference with the President this afternoon, in regard to the affairs of the subsidized railroads, and their report thereon.

Yellow Fever.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., November 5.—Only one new case of yellow fever at Tampa, yesterday, and three deaths. Dr. Wall predicts that the epidemic will be over there within ten days.

Terrible Explosion.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., November 5.—A terrible explosion of molten steel occurred this morning at the works of the Springfield Iron Company. The entire city was shaken up by the force of the explosion, and windows rattled as though by an earthquake. Four tons of liquid metal were allowed to flow into a wet receptacle and a frightful explosion ensued. It is reported that twenty men were burned. The officers in charge are reticent and desire the matter suppressed.

It Gets an Inspectorship.

NEW YORK, November 5.—The referee's opinion in regard to the fifth election inspectors was made public this morning. It favors the United Labor party, to whom an inspectorship was awarded.

Another Attachment.

NEW YORK, November 5.—Another attachment has been granted against the property of Isadore Cohnfeld, on behalf of George Lichenheim, who sues Cohnfeld for \$700 money loaned.

The Irish.

DUBLIN, November 5.—The Tullamore prison authorities have ordered that William O'Brien shall wear the uniform prescribed by the regulations for convicts.

THE SAGE.

"I have noticed," said the Sage, "that it is not difficult to cure the love of one who loves at first sight."

"What may be considered the result of feeling," said the Sage, "is often an outgrowth of the sense of duty."

"I have found men more charitable towards the weakness of women than women are themselves," said the Sage.

"When you hear a man boast of his gallantry," said the Sage, "you can put him down as deficient either in mind or body."

"If there is a chronic epidemic, it is poverty," said the Sage, "and like all epidemics, it keeps away all who have not the disease."

"That angry man whom you see laughing," said the Sage, "you should be careful to avoid when in good nature, for his heart is not natural."

"No man has ever had occasion to be sorry for keeping silence," said the Sage; "but every man has had occasion in his lifetime to feel sorry for speaking."

"That man it is for office," said the Sage, pointing to a would-be candidate. "Then the voters should scratch him whenever they can," responded the fat reporter.

"Long live our President!" said the Sage. "He is a man superior to his party, as his party in the old commonwealth is infinitely superior to the members of its convention."

"As I grow older," said the Sage, "and compare this world with the world to come, death is more like a welcome messenger. It is only to the vicious that he can be the 'King of Terrors'."

"How often we find," said the Sage, "that our bitterest enemy, the one who is first to denounce us, is the one who has lived the most upon our liberality, the one whom we have benefited the most."

"There is no stronger weapon in the hands of a skilled and brainy man than ridicule," said the Sage; "but in the hands of the weak and the foolish it is the boomerang that knocks down the thrower."

"I am convinced," said the Sage, "that there is nothing more destructive to the young mind, nothing more injurious to the mature mind, and nothing more disastrous to the feeble mind, than flattery."

"A man may have genius and intellect and yet not be known beyond a select circle," said the Sage; "but let him have money, and, even if he is a fool, the world knows him, honors him, and bows down to him."

"Speaking of old age," said the Sage, "as we grow old and life becomes mellow, it has its quiet joys, even though the love of wine, women and song may not have increased with our years, or strengthened with our age."

"Why, here are four dogs out here each with a bone," said the Sage, culling the fat reporter from his desk, and pointing to the square. "Dogmatically speaking," said the fat reporter, "they must have struck a bonanza."

"As I look over Europe and Asia with the war-cloud slowly but surely settling down upon them," said the Sage; "I am more and more thoroughly convinced that there is no such thing as friendship among nations. It is only interest that makes the foundation of all their pretensions to friendship."

"True, honest sorrow," said the Sage, "is never boisterous. You will see an effort made to conceal it, and be silent; an effort to avoid show, and a desire for retirement. The man who is loud in his bewailing, who is ostentatious, who tries to force his alleged grief upon others, is not sincere, but is a hypocrite and sounder; and in the end receives the contempt he so richly deserves."

"It is not uncommon," said the Sage, "for acts of charity and generosity to pass unnoticed, and liberality to pass unrewarded, but the spirit that prompted such acts is sure to reach that better world where the record of benevolence is kept, and where the action receives the smile and approbation of Him who will say: 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou now into the joy of thy Lord.'"

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